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To Erin.

O ERIN! Thou speck of green on azure wave,
Like a star of dawn on a heaven of blue—
Thy brilliance undimmed though foul tyranny's slave,
Yet bondage refreshed by a heart-welling dew.

The wild heaving billows thy sward ever lave,
The wild surging tempest thy clear brow reveres,
On the wide, dreary ocean, thou cot of the brave,—
Ah! who can forget thee in smiles or in tears?

Erin most noble! on true hearts enthroned,
Oh! bow not thy back in groveling despair;
The queens of the heath 'neath the tempest have groaned,
But only to rise more majestic and fair.

O soon may fair Liberty deign thee to bless,
And surround with a halo thy shamrock and lyre;
May faith and may hope each deep wound caress,
And love's gentle zephyrs fan valor's wild fire.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

Thoughts on Spring Flowers.

YEAR after year I have observed the regular arrival of the birds from their Southern homes. The first week in March will seldom fail to bring a meadow lark with it. Ten days later, if you go out into the crisp sun-lit air you will hear the call of the first robin, and see them during the day flitting about the cedars and hedge-rows by the dozens. They are the heralds of those mild, warm days of March that draw the sap of the maples, and cause the little red-stamened blossoms to peep out of their scaly-covered buds. Then the bluebird comes, and the noisy jay; the yellow hammers begin their battles and the woodpeckers their drumming, and now you may await the coming of the swallow.

But the first flowers of spring have no program. They follow the weather, and what is more variable than spring weather? I have plucked the tiny bluet on the first of April, with the dandelion growing all about me, and the mouse ear quite at home; then again I have waited in vain till the twentieth of the same month to see even as much as a bud of any of these early species. The flowers do not trust the atmosphere that bears in it the sting of frost; no, they generally wait for the bright, unclouded April day, with its flood of sunshine, with its scent of the new-forming pith in the trees and the sap of the willow, before they trust themselves out of their wintry hiding places. But when that day arrives, then the flowers come, too, and seemingly with a jerk, at least some manage to appear most mysteriously. But the coming of the pussy-paws, the woolly, fuzzy catkins of the willows along the swamp, they are the signal for the botanist; he knows then that the little joy-givers, the companion pleasures of the

bird-songs have ventured forth. Out in the meadow under the cover of the oakwood, the leaves have been growing this long time, and somewhere they are shielding the little buds that will develop the flower. Today you will find one, tomorrow a dozen, and ever after they will be there in profusion. Spring beauties, wind-flowers, crowfoots, Quaker ladies, buttercups, violets, phlox, downy-leaved mouse ears protecting their little flowers in the parchment-textured coverings; down by the fences you will find the cinquefoil and the scalloped *Heuchera*, and deep in the shades of the woods, the wild geranium and the modest sand flowers.

But first of all will be the *Houstonia*, or tiny bluet. I made my acquaintance with it several years ago when I was full of the first enthusiasm for flower seeking. Beautiful flowers they are, to say the least, and when I greet them for the first time in the month of April, I always look upon it with kindness, because it is the herald of the pleasures that await me in nature's garden. It seems to tell me that the lilies are coming soon, and the bluebells, and of the hot summer day when I shall walk far out to the swamps and woods to find some new species or learn some new traits about my old friends that live there. And there is joy in the thought, all suggested by the little bluet that grows at my feet. It is one of the few of our common flowers that has received a good name. Hardly two inches in height, most slender, almost leafless, silvery stem, with a sky-blue, yellow-mottled flower at its top, all waving in the breeze, it well merits the name "tiny." Generally where you find the first bluet, you will find a colony of them in less than a week. One great, oblong streak of white from the distance. They prefer the meadows and open spots in the woods that are kept close by the browsing cattle and are never overgrown by the long grasses. They present the finest appear-

ance when they are spread along a little hillside, or upland, especially if there is a background of bare-trunked trees. To have the beauty of the bluet you must leave it unplucked; it is in the little jewel-like flower that waves in the breeze. Pluck a handful of them, and their beauty seems to have faded; you have a handful of blue spots. One bluet alone has no fragrance, neither has five or six taken together; but take a dozen of them and you will scent a fragrance that is both delicate and permanent; even to experience this fragrance, you must leave the flower untouched and let the breeze, especially the morning breeze, bear it to you as it comes to you from over the heads of hundreds of them; it is a fragrance that no other flower can give.

One of the most favorite haunts of the spring flowers in our locality and, I suppose, in all Northern Indiana, is a wood just far enough away from all habitations to make it the resort of birds, chipmunks and squirrels. It is rectangular in shape, and through its center runs a ridge that slopes down on both sides to stretches of turfed ground that are soggy and wet in the spring, but green and pleasant during the summer months. In these watery places I always look for the first swamp inhabitants and they never fail to appear. The *Sisyrinchium bermudianum*, or blue-eyed grass, a near relative of the iris and crocus; the yellow-star grass, cousin german to the narcissus and snowdrop. Both are rare plants in our neighborhood, and seldom grow in profusion. Their leaves are grassy, and the stem seems nothing more than a folded leaf of grass from the side of which hangs the flower; their names tell the color; the one blue, with tinges of red, the other light yellow. Both of them have tri-parted flowers, but the sepals and petals are both colored and very even, so as to give them the appearance of stars.

On the west side of the woods the ridge is bare and as smooth as a lawn. In the spring months it is in turn covered with a sheet of bluets, spring beauties, wine-colored oxalis; violets, both blue and white; then with the yellow oxalis, and the lavender phlox. The wood that is at the top of the ridge affords protection for all comers.

There is always a charm about the Spring Beauty. Its color is so bright, and its flower-cup so crisp and clean; white as it is, and streaked and spotted with the tiny rose-colored veins, it is, next to the violet, the most common of our spring flowers. It grows everywhere, in the woods, along the high-banked brooks, in the groves, even in the garden you will sometimes find a straggler; but its most common way of living is in great colonies like the bluet or *Houstonia*. In the woods especially, the clear path that the storm has freed of trees, is covered with them as soon as the frost has left the ground. They are American flowers, and but two species are to be found in the Middle States, one of which, the *Caroliniana*, is rare. The botanical name of the species most generally found in our locality is *Claytonia Virginica*. It is a member of the same family as the flat, fleshy weed with little, dingy yellow flowers, that grows in our gardens more than we want it to, and is known as the pig weed. The stalk of the *Claytonia*, small as it is, is nourished by a bulb, which may be dug up with a knife, as it is not very deep (a professional botanist uses his fingers to dig it up). This flower is a little heathen sun worshipper. It will be very despondent when the sun sets, close up its petals and hide its face; but when the sun rises again in the morning and the dew is gone, then our Spring Beauty is wideawake, too.

It takes the bright, mellow May sunshine to make the Dodecatheon bloom. About the time of the ap-

pearance of the first spring beauties, the careful observer will see plots of leaves here and there that may interest him. They are about the size of greens, but quite unlike them in color and texture; they are long and smooth, with reddened ribs; and look much like flattened-out clubs. About the time when the wild strawberry begins to turn to white and red, these plots of leaves will send up a stem which will grow to the height of from fifteen to twenty inches. At its top will be a cluster of little knobs, which swell as the stem grows and strengthens, and finally burst one by one, and out come the shooting stars, from which the plant derives one of its many popular names. First come the creamy white petals, which soon deflect and show the brown and yellow-colored stamens; then the whole flower will droop and bob up and down in the air. The botanical name, *Dodecatheon*, is derived from the Greek, and means "twelve goddesses"; it has many popular names: American cowslip, Pride of Ohio (which name it should keep for many reasons, but mainly because it is an American flower, and one of our most beautiful ones). Neither is it so common as to make it despicable as a weed. It seldom grows in colonies like the *Houstonia* or Spring Beauties, but is generally found here and there by itself, generally on the sunny side of the hedge-rows in the unbroken meadows. I have found it thriving in the shade of the thorny crabtree, in the outskirts of the woods, growing hard up against trunks of the trees, and nearly choked by the grass. This plant has also the distinction of being the first distinctively American flower that was mentioned in literature. It belongs to the great Primwort family, many members of which are cultivated in our gardens for their beauty.

As with other things, so it is not always good to be too sure of our knowledge of the whereabouts of our

flower friends. Once I thought, and that with placid consciousness, too, that I knew every flowering plant in the woods described in the previous lines. One spot especially I thought was devoid of all interest for me. It was full of brambles, hazel, blackberry, grapevines, etc., and all damp ground beneath. Nothing grew there but the Solomon's seal and climbing smilax, of which there were enough in other spots of the same woods, and easier of access. But one day I walked to the spot and worked my way through the brush despite the prickly thorns that angrily held me, just for the sake of old acquaintance, and there, on the other side of a great bush of high blackberry, I saw my first bluebells. They seemed behind prison bars in that queer situation. These are not the bluebells that are commemorated in the songs of Scotland. Its botanical name is *Polemonium*, which is the generic name of a large family of flowers. The name is derived from the Greek, and means war. There is an old tradition that hangs over this flower, about two kings, far back in the moldy days of yore, that fought for the merits of its discovery. But setting this aside, it is beautiful enough in itself to go miles to see, but the popular names are better suited to it. Bluebells, from the shape of its flowers, and Jacob's ladder from the structure of the leaves. These are compound, and look much like the leaves of the locust, which blooms about the same time of the year. The stem is procumbent and rises about a foot above the ground at its extremity; the flowers, blue as indigo, with the white stamens protruding, not unlike the hammers of bells, hang in profuse fascicles from its end. Since I have found it, it has spread fast and far, and that part of the woods is now full of them in the spring of the year. But the first seed had to travel a great distance, for the next colony of bluebells is nearly a mile away.

I know of but two places for miles around where the *Aquilegia* or Columbine grows. It is known to all by its beautifully dotted leaves and the peculiarly shaped flowers. Why it does not grow in its usual profusion here I cannot tell, but I know from hearsay that it is one of the principal spring plants in other regions.

About the end of May, when the north wind has lost all its power, except that of soothing the sunburnt earth of evenings, then come the stronger species, the May apple, golden Alexanders, Hedge mustards, the *Monarda*, the light-blue *Prunella*, and her sister-mints, then the first of the *Rudbeckias* and smaller *Compositæ* or sunflower affinities. In the swamps the *Iris* is blooming in all her glory. The slender-vined vetches are climbing over ruins and rocks, carrying their dense clusters of blue and white flowers over every fence and trellis. Then the bees and yellow jackets are busy carrying off the nectar and pollen grains. The woods are laden with the perfume of the apple blossoms, than which nothing is sweeter; of the plum, blackberries and raspberries. Then, too, the ridge in the woods is covered with the nasty yellow *Puccons*, the *Borrages*, red and blue, and here and there a figwort. Close by the river you will find the large-flowered anemone, the American *Annemone Pennsylvanica*, and beside it, with nearly the same shape and texture of leaf, the wild geranium with its purple flower. There are few that know and love the small anemone, or windflower (that little white flower, fit to be the emblem of purity), that are acquainted with its giant relation of the month of May, the *Pennsylvanica*. It is almost the exact copy of the small anemone, but all enlarged and more hardy.

Flowers often endear themselves to me by the manner in which I happen to come upon them. Sometimes a peculiar locality will give me a new flower; some-

times I find them after much climbing and plodding over fallen logs and brush, and wading of creeks; and then there is a peculiarity about the flower itself, it may be rare or very interesting. Sometimes your own mood will influence your love for a flower. I have seldom gone out directly in search of flowers; it seems too mercenary. It is more of a pleasure to have them come to you in your strolls or even while at work in the fields. Or you may take a friend out to show him some delicate morsel of your botanical vanity, and here sits some new variety or species in the grass grinning at you and putting you into the predicament of giving it an improvised name for the benefit of your friend, or owning up that you have made a new acquaintance. No matter how well you know the flowers of your own grove or meadow, you may be prepared to meet a stranger some fine day, and springtime may as well surprise you as any other time. Flowers have a hundred and one ways of finding their ways there from distant parts.

I can well remember the day when I discovered, or rather spied, my first spider-wort. It was at the time when I was full of enthusiasm for flowers. One of those bright, clear, May mornings after a thunder shower. All the birds alive, noisy sparrows, naughty jays, robins chirping; no noisy, lumbering wagon or any artificial noises that man makes were yet to be heard; no, it was all nature's music, and I thought I alone heard it. It was one of those few moments when one's thoughts fly fast and well to their own proper goal—to the Author of all—and the praise of reason and warm love of heart follows. There was the little *Claytonia* still asleep, the *smilax* buds were drooping in pairs from their gracefully arched stalks, the purple *oxalis*, with her face veiled to close out the dew-drop, and there far off to one side it seemed, was

something that chased all my thoughts away, a stranger in the grass of the shortly clipped lawn. There it was, hardly five feet from the beaten path. Three sky-blue petals with the six-haired stamens pointed with the yellow pollen cases; the whole flower hardly an inch in breadth, looked so fresh as it nestled in the grass loaded with the raindrops of the previous night! There was not a sign of a leaf, but the three-parted flower told me that it was an endogen. I analyzed it and found it to be a common weed, and a native of wet grounds and prairies in the Middle States, the *Tradescantia Virginica*. I found it often afterwards, but never as I found the first time, without a leaf, and so small. It is generally from one to three feet in height, with a grassy stalk, much like the color of the onion stalk, and not at all beautiful. But the flower is rare for its color and delicacy. It blooms all summer, and twenty or thirty stalks will grow from one fascicle of roots. The plant is known for the peculiarity of the cell—structure of the staminal hairs. They are constituted of cells, piled, one upon the other, and are well worth seeing when placed under a good lens. They are, I think, some of the largest that can be found in the vegetable kingdom. The popular name, Spiderwort, is derived from its peculiar viscous juice, which can be drawn out to a very great length so as to resemble the silken threads of a spider web.

There is a charm about the clear, frosty spring day that April gives us, and it is quite unlike that of the spring day that is born of May; but both give way to that something, not sacredness, of the spring day in June. With each of the three you may associate a new group of flowers. The June day is the herald of summer, and when the leaves of the maple begin to be bitter to the taste and the pith has hardened under the summer solstice, then also come the strong,

hardy species of summer, and the delicate spring flowers die or are hidden away in the shadows of the woods. Some of them continue to bloom all summer, but they are not the most beautiful ones. Here and there you can find a bluet or a spring beauty, but they have changed, faded, and are not like their former selves; they lack the flush and glow of the youthful spring-time sun and life-giving breezes.

IGNATIUS WAGNER, '04.



May.

WINTERY blasts, so cold and bleak,
On flighty wings have passed away;
No more the pearly tears of April seek,
It is the month of May.

Month of May, thee we greet!
In beauteous verdure nature lies;
The gentle breeze enchants, as warblers sweet
Commingle with its sighs.

Decked are fields and meadows green
With Spring's sweet-scenting, radiant flowers;
The clear cerulean arch spreads o'er the scene
Proclaiming higher powers.

O vision fair! Still fairer thou,
O Mary, art, true Beauty's seat;
In love so deep May's first bright gifts we now
Place at thy virgin feet.

F. WACHENDORFER, '05.

Brady's Luck.

IT was a rainy day when old Peter Brady, one of the pioneers of Dexter, failed to put in his appearance at the corner on Saturday evening. Peter was a good-hearted old soul, who took as much interest around and about the old town as any man. Even more, for if there were any intricate political questions of national or local character awaiting solution, old Brady was always ready to explain them at any length, desired or undesired, and advance arguments for or against, just as you'd have it. Well, at any rate, that circle of old familiar faces grouped about the big woodstove was never complete unless Brady's cherished corner was occupied by himself. It was apparent that this senior council, as the young folks called it, could never convene without Brady acting as chairman. He was better posted than Murphy or McNally, and a better talker by far. He gave so much time to the sporting column of his paper, that he could even give the young lads some pointers on baseball or boxing. "I've been in it, myself, boys," he would generally wind up, feeling his own importance as he said so, "an' I tell you, if the old man was as good on his feet as he was forty years ago, he would put most of you in the shade."

"We don't dispute that at all," interrupted Tim Dwyer one evening, while Brady was holding forth on the same topic; "but just the other day, when I met you in the alley, I noticed that you were growing rather weak in the lower joints." Of course, Tim, with his good heart, did not mean to cause any bad feeling or asperse anyone's character. And Brady, who had just gone over to the "poor-box" to fill his pipe, pretended not to hear the remark, although the others grinned

and nudged each other, that even the young lads suspected Brady got the worst of it this time.

"Come to think of it," rejoined Hanley, "What's your opinion, Brady, about organizing that C. T. A. U. Society tomorrow. You know, Father Hurley said he wanted all the old fellows to come up and give the thing a start."

"No danger of Brady starting anything like that," interrupted Murphy, nodding to Tim Dwyer. "Hanley, you might as well have spared your breath asking that question. You know Brady has frequent cramp spells, and he takes cold so easily, and—well; there is but one remedy for all the troubles."

"No wonder he gets the cramps so often," put in McNally from the other side. "Anybody mistaking the family medicine bottle and taking a good swallow of coal oil instead, can't help getting the cramps. Oh, you can't deny it, Brady," continued McNally, more emphatically. "Mrs. Brady related the whole story to my wife."

"Mistakes are likely to happen to any man," retorted Brady, a little nettled at the revelation. "I am sure none other than Mrs. McNally put my wife up to do the trick! But, never mind that, when it comes to organizing a C. T. A. U. Society, old Brady is going to have a hand in it just the same! Taking a dose of coal oil isn't half as bad as getting off the road on a full moonlight night, when you're a mile from home, to run into an old well up to your arms; and, of course, swearing right then and there that you are going to stick to your pledge next time."

"That'll do, that'll do, Brady," returned McNally, whose face plainly indicated that he knew who was now under discussion. "We'll do the right thing in the mornin'."

"To be sure, we will," emphasized Brady, "for we

all know its the only thing that keeps a man straight and out of many a scrape, too.

“But to come back to Tim Dwyer’s remarks, I shall never forget the night, and if I live a hundred years. You know, Pat Fogarty and I had a good old talk at Osbourne’s place that day; well, as good old chums, we spent most of the afternoon together over a few glasses, which, to be sure, could do neither of us any harm. And when supper time came, Pat urged me to go over and have a bite with him before starting for home.”

“And with the bite you had to have a drink, of course,” remarked Tim Dwyer.

“Well, the fact of the matter is, you know Mrs. Fogarty—why, her mother was my mother’s school-mate in Ireland, and the daughter is the very image of her—and to tell the truth, this is the woman that knows just what’ll do a man good. But I was going to tell you what happened. Well, I was a little late going home, and to say the least, I felt rather shaky when I was walking for the track; it was my nearest way home, and in a pitch-dark night. But, in spite of all that, I was in fairly good humor, and the recollection of the good time I spent at Pat’s made me forget everything else. Well, I had gone about half the distance, when the sound of two whistles made me stop suddenly to see where I was. I looked ahead, and sure enough, there was the glare of a big headlight just coming around the curve. ‘Hello!’ says I to myself, ‘there is the N. W. express.’ With that I made sure to get off that track and hurry over to the other. But I had no more than recovered from the shock, when, looking behind me, I espied another light approaching from that end. And as sure as I am telling you, there was Number 8, on the Milwaukee track, coming my way. If you ever saw a man frightened, it was myself. My head began to reel, you see. I

was so puzzled that I didn't know on what track I was; in fact, I wasn't certain whether I was off or on any at all. By this time the trains had got fairly within a hundred feet of me, and the earth actually began to tremble under my feet. What should I do? I was almost beside myself with terror, for in the next minute I expected to be ground to pieces by one of those engines, and see my mangled body picked up from between the rails."

"And half way down in your grave, I suppose," suggested Tim.

"Well, it's all right to make fun, Tim," continued Brady, in a more serious mood, "but really, I don't know to this day how I managed to get out of that pinch without so much as a scratch. But after I felt quite sure that I was standing on my feet again, I tell you there never was a man more sober than myself, and right then and there I made up my mind that Father Hurley could depend on Pete Brady for supporting the C. T. A. U."

And the following Sunday they all signed.

MAURICE E. EHLERINGER, '06.



Spring Notes.

O THE warbling of the birds in dewy spring!
How they hustle, how they bustle, as they sing!
See them hopping here and there,
See them winging through the air
On their flight.
How the hills and valleys ring!
What a world of joy they bring!
How the trees that long were bare
Glisten in the morning air!
Earth forgets her winter care,
And rejoices in the glare
Of the light.

Hear the music of the lark at break of day!
How the stillness of the night he casts away!
As he floats o'er meadows green,
Happy to be once more seen,
In his love.

He comes at last to stay,
Come his homages to pay
To the maiden, now the queen
Of May. O'er the tree tops green,
His flight at dawn is seen,
In the azure skies serene,
Far above.

L. MONAHAN, '06.



"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

WHEN Alice Caldwell Hegan published her "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," some three years ago, the literary world extended it a glad welcome. Of the innumerable works of fiction which have since appeared, none stand higher in the estimation of the public today than this artless little tale. Edition after edition appears, and is quickly disposed of. Indeed, it would seem that this book is destined to outlive all its contemporaries, and hold its popularity even after other novels and story books of no mean merit have been consigned to the shelf.

In my opinion, it well deserves to be popular, for it is refreshingly original and charming in its purity and simplicity. A book of this kind, with its lessons of charity, kindness, and hopefulness, will do untold good. There is an aroma diffused over its pages—a spiritual aroma—which cheers and purifies the soul of the reader.

But what is the real secret of its popularity. It has neither intricacy of plot nor great dramatic intensity; it contains no brilliant descriptions or novel situations or new philosophical maxims. It is really nothing more than an account of life in the cabbage patch. In what, then, lies its charm and interest? In this, that it appeals to the heart. It is strong in its human interest, for it lays open to us a tender heart and a beautiful soul. And this it does in such an artless manner that we can, as it were, live with Mrs. Wiggs in the cabbage patch. I know of no work, not excluding any one of Dickens', that stands higher in revealing the sweeter and more tender human qualities. Not that Mrs. Wiggs ignores God. No. Much of her strength and nobility of soul is derived from her rela-

tion to God. No heart that is truly human can ignore God.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is distinctly a product of the feminine mind and heart, and one of which the author and woman in general may well be proud. The general public, too, has reason to congratulate itself on the appearance of such a book at the present time. It is a hopeful sign, indeed.

In presenting life in the Cabbage Patch, and especially in drawing the character of Mrs. Wiggs, Alice Caldwell Hegan has performed an admirable literary feat.

In her simple little cottage, Mrs. Wiggs toils from morning till evening that her children, five in number, may be as comfortable as Cabbage Patch quarters will allow. The lesson which we learn from her little home is that happiness can be found in truer form in the mean cottage of the poor than in the grand mansion of the rich; for happiness consists not in the gratification of the senses, but in upright living, in love of God and man, and in devotion to duty. This is the moral which the book conveys to every reader, but unobtrusively and under cover of a simple and interesting tale. Excepting the pretty romance of Miss Lucy Olcott and Mr. Robert Redding, which is so skilfully interwoven, there is not much of a plot to "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

In the opening of the story, if such it may be called, we are treated to a bit of Mrs. Wiggs's philosophy. Despite the fact that her tattered garments offer little shelter from the severe cold of this bleak winter's morning, we find her saying cheerfully, "My, but it is nice an' cold this mornin'." She then goes on performing her household work, and giving every attention to her offspring, a little band of five Wiggses, ranging from three to fifteen years of age. Mr. Wiggs had gone

to death some few years ago "by the alcohol route," and Mrs. Wiggs had wandered into the great city to secure employment and provide for her little ones. So she settled in the Cabbage Patch, "a queer neighborhood," where her cottage enjoyed the reputation of being the most imposing in the Patch. This was due to the tin roof constructed by Jim and Billy, and also to the fact that the Wiggs cottage enjoyed two means of entrance instead of only one. Jim was the head of the family, a willing lad of fifteen, upon whom the duty of providing for the family was immaturely thrown. Billy, somewhat younger, was of a different cast, but ever willing to work when necessity required. Of the girls, Asia came first, Australia next, and lastly, Europa—all of whom owed their names to Mrs. Wiggs' bountiful geographical knowledge.

On the opening day we find the household preparing for Sunday-school, for Mrs. Wiggs had thought best to provide the juvenile inhabitants of the Cabbage Patch with becoming thoughts and occupations on Sunday afternoons. Here, then, we begin to get a glimpse of the purity, nobility and sweetness of the kind old lady's character. After many toils and troubles with her youthful disciples, she ends the lesson with this simple, heartfelt prayer: "O Lord, help these here children to be good an' kind to each other an' to their mas an' pas. Make 'em thankful fer whatever they've got, even if ain't but a little. Show us all how to live like you want us to live, an' praise God from Whom all blessings flow. Amen." This is the prayer, and what a pathos does it not contain? Immediately following, seeing her Jimmy come in without his overcoat, which he had sold to make up the rent, realizing but a small sum, she lays a comforting hand on his stooping shoulder, and says: "Don't you worry so, Jimmy. Mebbe I kin get work tomorrow, or you'll

get a raise, or somethin'; they'll be some way." But little did she guess the bitterness of the future. Christmas eve came on and still Jim's scanty earnings had proved inadequate. No means of sustenance were left and Mrs. Wiggs was about to give up, but faithful Jim did not yet despair.

Here Miss Lucy Olcott is introduced as the good angel, bringing an enormous basket of provisions, at which gloom and hunger fled from the Cabbage Patch in haste. As time wore on, Jim contracted a severe cold, which soon developed into consumption, and the little bread winner was bound to bed. Here he lay one night, restless and feverish, but as hopeful as ever, while Mrs. Wiggs sat near by, soothing and caressing her dear boy.

"Want me to tell you about the country, Jim?" she asked, and he said, "Yes, ma." So she told him of the place where most beautiful flowers grew in delightful profusion; where great red apples hung dangling from the limbs, and the little birds were singing, singing, all the day, as if they never would stop. And Jimmy glided off into eternity in the arms of his sobbing mother, singing a song of Heaven.

Miss Lucy Olcott sat dreamily in her parlor, when Redding entered. A little thing, merely a question of mistaken companionship, resulted in a breach between the two lovers. Before the final words were spoken, Mrs. Wiggs came upon the scene to announce the death of Jim. "You said I was to come, if I needed you. It's Jimmy, ma'am—he's dead!"

Mrs. Wiggs left her much comforted and within a week the enormous sum of three hundred and sixty-five dollars, and food, clothes and fuel enough to last a year, had been taken up in response to the article which Miss Olcott wrote for the paper.

One day Billy Wiggs found a "fit" horse on the

way to be killed. Having secured the animal for the asking, Billy and Mrs. Wiggs spent the entire night in bringing it back to a sound condition, only succeeding after they had nearly drowned the poor animal with soup and tallow. The horse was named Cuby.

And thus the story proceeds. Billy is able to sell kindling wood with the aid of his newly acquired horse, and affairs in the Cabbage Patch became more prosperous. "Mr. Bob" entertains the family with an extravaganza, and after it with a supper such as the Wiggses had never before enjoyed. Through the kindness of "Mr. Bob," Billy secures a place as office boy, and now things take a favorable turn for the Wiggses. Asia takes to art, and receives much encouragement from Niss Lucy. "Mr. Bob" puts in his appearance at the wrong time and causes the "blue-eyed angel of the Cabbage Patch" much embarrassment, the old misunderstandings still keeping them apart.

But when gentle spring with her carpet of green put in her appearance, and naught had happened in the cabbage patch save the falling of a bucket of green paint on Australia's head, the little angel of love managed a reconciliation, and the engagement of "Miss Lucy" and "Mr. Bob" was announced in the heat of a benefit dance given in the Cabbage Patch one starry summer's night.

Thus ends the simple and at the same time remarkable story of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The life, the pathos, and the pretty romance all go to make up a story which is as wholesome as it is interesting.

D. L. MONAHAN, '96.

The Curé of Ars.

FRANCE, at one time the beloved daughter of the Church, has, in spite of many trials and persecutions, always reared a number of her children to a conspicuous degree of sanctity and holiness of life. In the last centuries we find a cluster of illustrious names, the bearers of which have hallowed this fair land by their devoted zeal for the cause of religion. Such are St. Jean Baptiste de La Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers; Bernadette Soubirons, of Lourdes' fame; and Jean-Marie Vianney, the Curé of Ars, whose process of canonization is now advancing in Rome.

The life of the holy pastor of Ars was indeed very remarkable, though he himself was a pattern of simplicity. He was one of those weak and feeble instruments that are molded by the hands of God for the execution of great designs, in order to confound the mighty of this earth. Even during his life his name drew the admiration and reverence of the world. Spreading from the obscure hamlet of Ars, his fame gradually grew despite all preventive measures on the part of the humble pastor, until it sounded in the ears of all throughout the length and breadth of Christendom; yes, even the erring children of the Church were dazed by the glare of his sanctity, and stood in awe at the marvelous deeds God wrought by his hands.

Something peculiar in the life of the Curé of Ars was his natural dullness of mind and slowness of understanding. He had extraordinary trouble in committing anything to memory and was very often on the point of despairing and abandoning his studies, when the soft words of his patient tutor, M. Balley, would again breathe courage into his soul. But neither

prayer nor perseverance seemed to assist him, and finally he resolved to have recourse to purely supernatural agencies. Clad in the garb of a poor pilgrim, he wended his way to the tomb of St. Francis Regis at Lonvesc, and for sometime afterward his usual dullness disappeared and his intelligence was quickened, to the astonishment of his master and his acquaintances. While this afforded him some relief and filled his soul with the hope that he would after all reach his goal—the holy priesthood—he met with the same difficulties in his higher studies of theology and philosophy. I imagine him standing before his examiners at the final probation with knowledge very limited, answers unsatisfactorily given, poor in every branch of study, and the examiners afraid to confide to him the responsibilities of the priesthood. Shall they reject him? They well know that the young man is solidly grounded in virtue and therefore appeal to the vicar-general of the province. The latter, after some moments of reflection, asked: “Is the young aspirant devoted to the Mother of God? Does he say his Rosary?” “He is a model of piety,” was the answer. “Well, then,” replied the vicar-general, “I will receive him, and God’s grace will supply the rest.”

Active life in the vineyard of the Lord now began for the Curé. He was appointed to attend the Parish of Ars, and sent thither with the words: “There is very little love of God at Ars; go and put some there.” The conversion of his flock was the greatest miracle of his life. Day and night he prayed and sighed for those entrusted to his care. Their joys and sorrows were equally shared by him. While he was solicitous for their temporal welfare, his desire to save their immortal souls grew into a very passion. It was a “cause for which he wrestled unceasingly with God in tears, fastings, and watchings.” In this manner he

spent thirty long years, laboring for the good of his flock and that of humanity.

The pilgrimage to Ars may be classed among the greatest in the world's history. Thousands and hundreds of thousands came to see the man of God. A most striking manifestation of the faith of numerous countries is presented at Lourdes, it is true, but the origin of the pilgrimage to the Grotto in the Pyrenees easily accounts for its universal popularity. The Queen of Heaven herself deigned to appear to the young shepherdess, Bernadette, and bade her go and tell the people "to come and drink of the fountain" and thereby receive health and consolation. But what a difference at Ars. There is no vision to be seen; no promise to draw the people thither. It is simply the holiness, the saintly life of an humble parish priest poor in worldly knowledge, destitute in all that constitutes worldly power. The world, as a rule, does not recognize the sanctity of a man until his remains have been consigned to the grave, but from this rule the Curé was exempt. Already during lifetime he received the esteem and approbation of all; at first from his simple-hearted parishioners, then from the inhabitants of the remoter parts of the earth.

The miracles performed by the humble priest were so numerous that a whole volume could be written concerning them. Learned men have tried to disprove them, but without success. As he was known to have been very dull and illiterate, he was recognized to have been enlightened by the Holy Spirit. Even the wisest and most learned ecclesiastics sought his advice, and following his guidance as that of one inspired. Not to mention the innumerable cures wrought in behalf of his spiritual children, the preservation of his own life may be considered a stupendous miracle. His austerities and heroic penances were similar to those of the primi-

tive anchorites of the deserts. While these completely ruined his health, he still performed his daily work, which consisted mainly in hearing confessions. He actually sacrificed his life for his flock, and he was once heard to exclaim: "I would gladly suffer the most excruciating pains for a hundred years, if God would deign to grant me the conversion of my parish." His preaching never failed to produce good results; sceptics, who came to sneer, departed with believing hearts. While the eloquence and the thundering voice of St. Bernard were wanting to him, the power of his words were none the less extraordinary. The simple language uttered by his feeble voice was as a living flame, that consumed the hearts of his hearers and moved the sinners long steeped in crime to repentance. He was also blessed with the gift of prophecy, and it is said that he foretold the turbulent times now reigning in France.

Good men will always find opposition on the part of their enemies; in this the Curé also had his share. His natural dullness occasioned many a jeer from his fellow students, but he conquered them by his angelic sweetness and patience. Later on, while engaged in the sacred ministry, even some of his brother priests made him the object of ridicule, declaring that a man of so little knowledge of theology should not be allowed to sit in the confessional. They accused and insulted him before his bishop, hoping thereby to effect his removal from Ars. But the bishop was a holy and an enlightened man, and did not believe the detractors. The Curé bore these calumnies with patience and resignation, and finally truth prevailed. Those who were full of malice and prejudice were converted by the child-like gentleness of his character, the melody of his feeble voice, and the sweetness of his countenance. In the school of suffering the Curé was most violently persecuted by the Prince of Darkness, and to find a parallel

for the rage with which the arch-fiend of mankind tormented and terrorized him, we must go back to the grand veterans of Thebais.

Thus was the life of the Curé of Ars spent in a God-pleasing manner. The year of 1859 was a witness to his death, the entrance to a better home. In his last illness, thousands of visitors flocked to his bedside and prayed for his recovery to St. Philomena, the special patroness of the Curé, who had cured him on a former occasion. The patient smilingly told them that the hour of his dissolution had come. At these words the grief of the people became indescribable. The many confessions, the soothing words of consolation, all the good deeds performed by the priest loomed up before their minds, and now he was to depart. At his request the last sacraments were administered and a few hours afterwards, with a serene countenance, he breathed forth his soul into the hands of his Maker to receive the crown of a glorious confessor. By his heroic virtues he has rendered Ars famous for all future time; this place is now visited by many pilgrims and considered a celebrated spot of devotion. The Curé of Ars was declared Venerable in 1872, thirteen years after his death, and we may hopefully look forward to the day when this disciple of Christ will be raised upon the lofty pedestal of sainthood, when his life will become better known for our edification and initiation.

F. WACHENDORFER, '05.



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Editorials.

*The Gym-
nasium.*

During the summer months St. Joseph's will see a new building rise, which will be a fitting companion to those already on the grounds, namely, a new gymnasium. We have long felt the need of a separate building for gymnastic purposes. The old quarters were insufficient for indoor athletics as practiced at a modern college.

The new building will be provided with a concert hall for entertainments, and club rooms, where students may congregate when the weather does not permit out-

door recreation. The space thus far given for these purposes in the other buildings of the college will now become available for various uses.

The new gymnasium will be a fine structure, one hundred and sixteen by ninety-three feet, of beautiful design, and fully equipped with all the appliances of a modern gym. A detailed description of the building and its equipment will be given in a future issue.

After this, St. Joseph's will be as fully equipped as any institution of the kind in the country, and considering that our college has many advantages peculiarly its own, we feel sure that the next years will witness a marked increase in the number of students.



May. After the cold blasts, and the misty, rainy days of April, lovers of nature welcome again with keenest delight the bright May flowers with their tender and refreshing odors. We love May for the manifold enjoyments in its warm and delicious sunshine, but also because of its association with the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, the Queen of May. The gentle influence of her devotion is like the soothing scent of the sweet-smelling flowers. Everything in nature seems symbolical of the charms and virtues of the Mother of God. At the college many devotions are always in order, and all are observed with great fervor on the part of the students.



*Concentration
of
Mind.*

It not unfrequently happens that after poring for hours over his books, the student rises from his task with but little knowledge available for use in the classroom. The questions of the professor serve only to nonplus him, and drive all recollection of the details of his lessons from his mind. Why this partial failure?

Could his time have been better occupied? To all appearances, not. Yet, in reality, it was so much time wasted. He did not really study the lesson—try to absorb its contents—but merely read it. Mere reading is not study, and a glance at the lines of a page leaves but a slight impression on the average mind. Perhaps the student was only dreaming over his books (which is said to be quite a common occurrence with some would-be students). While reading his passage in Cicero, he spent fifteen minutes in conjectures as to the possibilities of his ever learning it by heart. While reading in his political history of the great landslide of this or that presidential year, he immediately goes off with a multitude of pleasant fancies, concerning a recent or future ball game in which he was or will be the hero that forces victory to declare for his side by a famous dash and slide for the home plate. Need we wonder that his long hours were spent with little profit! No one can expect to advance on the royal road to knowledge without concentration of mind, and concentration demands will-power and a straining of the mental faculties on the part of the student. While no easy task, the benefits derived and the time saved make returns for the energy employed. A concentrating of the mind upon a task, a total obliviousness to everything else for the time, a happy association of important ideas—these are the necessary requisites for achieving good results in studies.

Concentration of mind is required as well of the business and professional man as of the student. Observe men in their various employments, and from the contracted brow and tension of muscle you may conclude that all their energies are centered on the task before them.

Let the student remember that he will make little progress without doing the same. He, too, must be

active in the study hall and in the class room—not merely passive. It is not sufficient to remain in a merely receptive attitude; he must digest the information afforded by the book and the professor. Only then may he hope for results.



*Church
Music.*

The reform in church music which Pius X. enjoined in his recent encyclical on the subject seems to be well under way. As we pointed out three months ago, this letter of the Pope, so luminous in his explanation of the character of sacred music, and so explicit and positive in its enactments is bound to inaugurate a change for the better. If it merely holds out an ideal, as is the opinion of Mr. Damrosch, it is an ideal, after which Catholics are bound to strive. Concrete measures have already been taken by numbers of Bishops all over the world, and we may confidently look for good and permanent results. Incidentally the movement will also benefit the non-Catholic denominations.

The difficulties in the way of a reform in music are many and peculiar. Of all the arts, music yields at least to set rules of criticism. By what are we to determine musical worth and worthlessness. We cannot judge of a piece of music as of a portrait or landscape painting by holding it up to the mirror of nature. No one can reduce its rules to mathematical formulas. The art, as the Pope points out, "is fluctuating and variable in itself, and influenced by succeeding changes in tastes and habits." It is the least of all arts the expression of man's thoughts, being almost entirely confined to the realm of feeling. Because of this fact, music may be said to bear in a certain degree the stamp of nationality. One nation's feeling differ from those

of another. The Frenchman is constituted different from the German, the Italian from the Englishman. One loves light, melodious, gliding music; another sombre and heavy. This distinctive national trait is impressed upon all music, at least in its more popular forms. Let an American try to live himself into the spirit of a German or Norwegian song, especially after having just finished singing a song by an American composer, and he will perceive the truth of this statement.

Since church music will always have to be popular, to a degree at least, being designed to touch the hearts of the people, of whom very few are trained musicians, it necessarily partakes of this national characteristic. The musicians of every country must therefore set to work to compose in the spirit of the Church, with knowledge of the function of music at public worship. After this instruction of the Pope they cannot any more plead ignorance of the laws of the Church on this subject. Some of the Masses and other compositions by American composers now used in this country are good music, but objectionable on account of the trivialty of some of the parts, or on account of their great length and unwarranted repetitions. A good many of them can be corrected and thus continue in use.

The letter of the Pope should have an encouraging rather than a depressing effect. No particular kind of music is favored before all others, except the Gregorian Chant, which of its very nature is best suited for use in church, being simple and melodious, and safe from profanation on account of its archaic character. There is a sacredness, dignity and unworldliness about choral music and the compositions based upon it, such as those of

Palestrina and Witt, that removes the listener from the world of sense to that of spirit. Any kind of music, however, is welcome in the church, provided it has the character of sacred music. As such it must be neither sensuous, boisterous and trivial, but modest, elevating, and intelligible or expressive.

People that have no conception of the dignity and sacredness of the worship in the Catholic Church and of the nature and function of music at the sacrifice of the Mass and the other functions, should not play or sing in church, much less attempt to compose church music.



Exchanges.

INNOCENTS ABROAD" in the April number of the *St. John's University Record*" is a radical departure from the ordinary make-up of that journal. The whole issue, in fact, is much above the level of its predecessors. "Innocents Abroad" has a very lame and, we think, a very improbable ending, but is otherwise not undeserving of its place. "A Truly Great Man" gives us an insight into the character of one of the greatest men in history, but one little known or appreciated. "Kabebonokka" is a clever imitation of Hiawatha, but would be much more meritorious if the thought in it would run as well as the verse. Why not insert an exchange column, *Record*?

The *Fordham Monthly* has long held a place among the better class of college journals. That it continues to retain this position a glance at the contents of the March issue will amply prove. In "An Open Letter" the writer found a medium for expressing opinions which in any other form of composition would be highly ludicrous. As a piece of humor it ranks high.

The poets of the *Fordham* generally strike a happy note. The editorials of the *Monthly* ring with a true college spirit.

The *Redwood* for April, which is the first we have received, makes us wish that we had formed its acquaintance sooner. It arrived too late for us to do it justice in our criticism, but a hurried perusal convinced us that it is a magazine of merit. It seems rather ambitious in a college student to aspire to the role of a playwright, but this Mr. Merle has done with marked success, "The Silverdale Steeple Chase," with just enough of a plot to make it entertaining, is a fairly creditable story. For the verse of the *Redwood* we have nothing but praise. It has the ring of true poetry, wanting only a little polish. It is especially worthy of notice that the *Redwood* has many young contributors.

The *Catholic Telegraph* has long been a welcome visitor and still gladdens us weekly by its arrival. It is a part of the mission of our Catholic papers to counteract the baneful influence of the sensational dailies, and we note with pleasure that the *Telegraph* is making a strong effort in this line by filling its columns with bright and newsy matter. Short stories, not at all unbecoming its pages, find a ready welcome from this fiction-loving age.

The Church Progress, of St. Louis, continues a faithful friend. It has always been the aim of this paper to have good articles bearing on the questions of the day that are of importance to Catholics, and this feature, together with a strong editorial column, make it a desirable paper even for people living at a greater distance from St. Louis.

R. J. HALPIN, '05.

Book Notes.



Kind Hearts and Coronets, by J. Harrison, Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.25.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

This is the motto of the latest novel by J. Harrison, and true to his motto the author has given us a work that is fresh, artistic, imbued both with a Catholic spirit and a high ideal. It is strong in character, and full of the real and rightful understanding of human nature, neither exaggerated nor colored. A novel of this stamp is well worth a long life. The plot of the novel is built on the eccentricities of blue-blood and wealth opposed to the truer and more lasting bonds of domestic love. The characters of Huge Lindsay, of Mrs. Lindsay, his mother, and of Gertrude, are far above the average novelist's creations. All is told in a simple but artistic fiction, void of superfluities and full of good sound moral. The tone of the novel is healthy and manful, entirely free from the sentimentality that is commonly found in novels of our day. The fact that it is a work of J. Harrison would alone be its greatest and best recommendation.

A. S., '05.

The Strong Arm of Avalon, by M. T. Waggaman, Benziger Bros. Price, 85 cents.

M. T. Waggaman, in her new book, "The Strong Arm of Avalon, has succeeded in drawing a character often attempted, but seldom satisfactorily executed, the character of the boy. The plot of the story is laid in pioneer Maryland, and is not so intricate in itself, but told so

well that interest is aroused from the first and heightened with every succeeding chapter. Giles Ventour, the hero of the story, is a loyal son of Catholic Maryland. Possessed of a bold spirit he gets into many scrapes, but usually comes through unscathed. In the subsequent persecution of the Catholics in Maryland, the same bold spirit helps his co-religionists in gaining freedom of worship. The other characters are well drawn, especially the martyred missionary, Father Maurice, and Griggs, the soldier of fortune. The book abounds in vivid bits of description and thrilling instances, and as a boy's story, it is highly recommendable.

M. O'C., '06.



Societies.

ST. JOSEPH'S DAY was fittingly celebrated. At the Solemn High Mass Father Jansen, of Frankford, Ind., delivered a masterly discourse on the duties and responsibilities of Catholics, showing in what manner students can and must prepare themselves for them. The sermon was not only a fine composition, but also forcefully and effectively delivered. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing Father Jansen again.

The day was given to various diversions. In the evening the following program was presented:

Music, "Un Ballo in Marschera".....College Band
 Inaugural Address, "Père Marquette".....Pres. F. Didier
 Clarence's Dream, from Richard III.....M. O'Connor
 Song, "The Lotus Flower".....L. Monahan
 Oration, "The March of Progress".....J. Steinbrunner
 "A Visitor from Mars".....R. Rath
 Humorous Discourse, "Topics of the Day".....E. Freiburger
 Cornet Solo, "Addah Polka".....E. Carlos
 Scene from the Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Launcelot Gobbo, clown.....M. Helmig
 Old Gobbo, his father.....J. Grimmer
 Bassanio.....A. Michaely
 Leonardo..... } Friends of Bassanio. }I. Collins
 Gratiano..... }H. Fuertge

Mr. F. Didier, in his inaugural address, showed much self-reliance and confidence. He claimed the attention of his hearers both by the elegance of his composition and by his effective manner of delivery. Mr. O'Connor surprised his listeners by his admirable delivery of Clarence's Dream. His interpretation of Clarence goes to prove that we should not deny abilities to anyone until occasion be given to manifest the same. The audience having been relieved by a musical

selection, Mr. Steinbrunner next delivered an address on the "March of Progress". The length of his oration detracted from its effectiveness. After this the numbers were of a serio-comic nature. "A visitor from the planet Mars" was certainly exquisite and unlike anything that ever appeared on our stage before. Mr. Rath was happy in the conception of this novelty. The make-up of his costume was admirable and original. In like manner, Mr. Freiburger's original discourse, "Topics of the day", was thoroughly enjoyed. He simulated the veteran to perfection, and his discourse, too, was happily conceived. The Scene from the Merchant of Venice as presented was a credit to the participants. This scene from the great play is enjoyable even when seen for the hundredth time. We have been so successful this year in the rendition of single scenes from Shakespeare that we would be justified in undertaking the presentation of an entire play. We hope to have an opportunity of doing so next year.

On March 27 the members of the C. L. S. again appeared in a private program and presented the following:

Piano Duet, "Up-to-Date" March.....	} O. Nnapke I. Weis
Declamation, "Mariner's Dream".....	
Debate: "Resolved, That Japan Deserves the Sympathy of the World".....	R. Schwieterman
Recitation, "Memorial Day".....	Aff., F. Gribba; Neg., C. Frericks
Baritone Solo, "Farewell".....	M. Schumacher
Oration, "Patriotism".....	F. Kocks
Afterpiece.....	M. Shea
	{ M. Meiering L. Hildebrand O. Knapke C. Kloeters

Opinions were expressed that the above program was not up to the usual standard. Though the several

gentlemen did fairly well, there was an absence of enthusiasm and spirit. The debate was a redeeming feature. Mr. Shea has the making of an orator in him.

At the meeting held April 10 the Columbians were delighted to again see their parliamentary law instructor, Mr. E. P. Honan, in their midst. The chairman expressed the sentiments of the society in a few words, extending a hearty welcome. Mr. Honan, in a few touching words, related his severe ordeal in undergoing an operation from which he lately recovered. In his critical condition Mr. Honan ever had the sympathy and prayers of the members of the C. L. S., whose admiration and esteem he long had won. His forced absence for three months was severely felt, and it was then more than ever that the Columbians truly realized the value of his instructions. Having completely recovered, Mr. Honan will resume his lectures in parliamentary law at the next meeting. J. S., '05.



"Kindness is perhaps the easiest way of doing good, and the safest. A friendly look, a hearty greeting, an unfeigned interest in the pursuits and success of our companions. We must be able to forget ourselves before we can expect to have a place in the hearts of others."—*Jowett*.

"We never injure our own character so much as when we attack the character of others."—*M. E. S.*

"Truth which is not charitable springs from a charity which is not true."—*St. Francis de Sales*.

Holy Week.

THE services, devotions and ceremonies in Holy Week were very elaborate and thoroughly entered into by the students. They were begun with a Solemn Highmass on Palm Sunday. The *Pueri Hebraeorum*, by Palestrina, was sung by the choir under the direction of Rev. Justin Henkel. The Passion was sung by Revs. Arnold Weyman, Clement Schuette and Gerard Hartjens, the choir responding.

On the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the ever beautiful and pathetic *Tenebrae* were chanted in full choir by professors and students. During Thursday and Friday, the students showed great willingness to pray at different hours before the Blessed Sacrament in the repository. The devotions covering the three hours on Good Friday consisted of Rosary, English Sermon by Father Augustine, the Way of the Cross; German Sermon by Father Clement, prayers and singing. Among others, the following compositions were rendered by the choir: "In Monte Oliveti", by B. Klein; "O vos omnes", by Claudio Casciolini; "Omnes amici mei", by Palestrina; "Eram quasi agnus", by Palestrina; "Popule meus", by Palestrina; "Ecce enim", by Orl. Lasso; "Defensor noster", by Fr. Witt; "Popule meus", by Vittoria; "Adoramus Te", by Palestrina; "Cristus Factus est", by Fr. Witt; "Tenebrae factae sunt", by M. Haydn.

The prophesies and litany of Holy Saturday were sung by the students, J. Sullivan, L. Monahan and Ew. Pryor.

The services on Easter were most solemn. Rev. Clement Schuette celebrated Highmass at eight o'clock. The assistants were Rev. Theodore Sauer, deacon; Rev. Augustin Seifert, sub-deacon, and Mr. Ignatius

Wagner, master of ceremonies. These officiated also at Vespers. Rev. Theodore Sauer preached an eloquent sermon. The choir rendered well the following music: "Missa in Nomine Jesu", by Ign. Witterer; Offertory "Terra Tremuit", by Fr. Wekes; Vespers sung Falsi Bordoni, by Vittoria; "Magnificat", by Piel, and at the Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, "O Sacrum convivium", by Fr. Witt; "Tantum Ergo", by Haller. The solemnities were closed with the Te Deum. A. S., '05.



Personals.

THE following visited at the college: Rev. Francis Koch, '97, Fowler, Ind.; Rev. John Berg, Remington, Ind.; Rev. George Hoerstman, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. John Bleckman, Michigan City, Ind.; Rev. Frank Jansen, Frankfort, Ind.; Rev. Gregory Jussel, C. PP. S., Carthagen, Ohio; Rev. Louis Hefe, C. PP. S., St. Joseph, Mo.

Mr. Paul Carlos, '03, Connersville, Ind.; Mrs. Henry Bergman, Kokomo, Ind.; Mrs. J. Miller, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Max Mueller, Chicago, Ill.; Frank, Joseph and Anthony Hasser, Fowler, Ind.; Miss Elizabeth Caesar.

Messrs. W. Sheidler, of Millhousen, Ind., and F. Moorman, of Burkettsville, Ohio, have been obliged to relinquish their studies temporarily on account of ill health. We hope that their health will soon be completely restored to them.

Athletics.

THE past month witnessed the beginning of the baseball season for 1904. Despite the fact that the weather has played us many a trick we have now and then stolen a march on the fickle one, and put in a few good licks.

Sunday, March 27, St. Aquino Hall, with newly organized team, met their old enemies the St. Xaviers. The game was not what might have been expected, but considering the earliness of the season and the lack of practice on both sides, it was a fair specimen of baseball. Didier was in old form and did the necessary in holding down the St. Aquinos to a few good hits and some scattered singles. Lonsway, on the other hand, allowed the St. Xavier but too many short ones, and they scored heavily when the baloon went up in the fourth inning. On the whole, the work of the teams was not bad, and a little practice will demonstrate what good material is present on both sides.

The following tells the tale of the game:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
St. Xaviers.....	0	2	0	4	0	1	0	2	0—9	11	3	
St. Aquinos.....	0	1	2	0	1	0	1	0	1—6	8	5	

Batteries: Koenig and Didier; Lonsway and Seimets. Umpire, P. B. Besinger, C.P.P.S.

The Victors defeated the Champions in a slow game on Sunday, April 10. Interest lagged on throughout the game, due to the fact that neither side was in fit condition to show up well. The outcome of the game was doubtful at several times, but finally the Victors combined efforts and won out. Only seven innings were played. Summary:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	R.	H.	E.
Victors	I	0	3	2	I	3	I—II	13	6	
Champions	I	2	0	3	2	I	I—IO	IO	8	

Batteries: Freiburger and Bryan; Hoerstman, Von der Harr and Saccone. Umpire, E. Lonsway.

The smaller adjunct of the college has formed a team under the name of Crescents. Edward Neumeier was elected Captain, and Edward Howe, Manager. The young aspirants of baseball fame expect to demonstrate a few tactics on the diamond, and will no doubt show up well.

The Tennis Club has reorganized with a large membership, and will indulge in their favorite sport as soon as the weather permits.

The schedule of the Representative baseball team has not yet been issued. Owing to the fact that we awaited returns in regards to securing the St. Xaviers players we have been dilatory in getting out a schedule. Now that we have received our long awaited reply we shall proceed.

The team as arranged by the management is as follows: Robert Halpin, Captain, first base; Alex. Michaely, second base; L. Monahan, third base; David Fitzgerald, Flavian Kocks, short stop; Michael Shea, left field; John Sullivan, center field; Nicholas Allgeier, right field; Eugene Lonsway and Felix Didiers, pitchers; E. Freiburger and A. Koenig, catchers. This order was arranged after a series of practices, and as it now stands, is in a most favorable condition. In the out-fields we are confident that we have as good a trio as ever kept the different gardens at St. Joseph's. In the in-field we are yet somewhat weak. The catcher's position will be ably cared for by Koenig and Freiburger, and in the pitcher's department Didier and

Lonsway will twirl. With this team St. Joseph's may expect a pleasant surprise.

As we go to press the Representative team has defeated the Ransselaer High School team by an overwhelming score of 21 to 4. The game was slow except for occasional rallies. Dobbins did fine work in the box while his control lasted, but went up in the fourth inning. Didier was in gilt-edge form and allowed the high-school boys but 4 hits. The work of the college team was first-class, and it is due only to a bit of laughing that Rensselaer scored.

The summary is as follows:

ST. J. C.							R. H. S.						
	A.B.	R.	O.H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	O.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allgeier, r.f..	4	2	2	0	0	0	Dobbins,p.,2b.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Halpin, 1 b...	3	1	1	10	0	0	Woodw'th, c..	3	1	0	10	0	2
Shea, l.f.....	3	1	1	0	0	0	Michaels, 3 b.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Monahan, 3 b.	3	3	1	1	3	0	Parcels, s.s...	4	0	1	0	1	2
Sullivan, c.f..	3	3	1	0	0	0	Morgan, 1 b..	3	1	0	10	0	0
Michaely, 2 b.	4	2	1	1	1	1	McGregor, c.f.	4	1	1	0	1	0
Kocks, s.s....	3	2	1	4	2	2	Barclay, r.f.p.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Koenig, c....	4	4	2	11	2	0	Gurbur, l.f...	3	0	0	1	0	0
Didier, p.....	4	3	1	0	3	0	Spittler,2b.r.f.	4	0	0	1	0	1
<hr/>							<hr/>						
Total	31	21	11	27	11	3	Total	33	4	4	24	6	5

Two-base hits: Allgeier, Shea; bases on balls, off Didier 2; off Dobbins 5. Sacrifice hits: Monahan. Struckout: By Didier 11, by Dobbins 1, by Barclay 3. Umpire, Lonsway. Time of game, 1 hour, 45 minutes.

D. L. MONAHAN, '06.



Tidings.

Read the advertisement of Men and Women, the national Catholic home journal. They have a liberal offer to make, and a note to the publishers will bring the particulars.

Gloomy's joke! April 1. Gloomy: "Cast a pitiful glance at me."

Fuertges gazing: "Shall I get the doctor?"

Gloomy: "April fool."

The dignity of the President of the R. S. C. has been conferred upon Doc during the absence of the leading officers; he also enjoys the pleasure of retaining said office since their return on Wednesday afternoon.

First Latin: "Translate *Quotidiana vilescent.*"

Precocious Latin Scholar: "The Dailies grow vile."

To prove a parallelopipedon equal to half a semi-circle, these terms are necessary: Fido equals Cob on the square.

"You can't join my team, that arm of yours won't steam.
Balls are thrown quite fair, and you're chopping the air.
Playing like that I never saw before;
I'll get a better player than you;
One who I know will do.
You're a very cute lad, your face is not so bad,
But you can't join my team.

A. Michaely seeing a flying squirrel exclaimed: "See the rat with wings!"

Joe Saccone overstepped the precincts lately to see an animal which he reported, "must have broken loose, as it had a wring in its 'rooter.' "

This advertisement is ostentatiously engraved on a certain Reunel: "Take Matthew's bus to Gloomy, Peiffer Julius Cornelius Bath & Co., Handlers in duck

pelts, hare plumes, mosquito bills and cockroach top-knots."

Quinlan to Doc: "Say, Doc, when I walk, my head pains me so much that I can't stand still."

Doc: "You better continue circulating."

Nickie Allgeier wisely remarked: "I opine my division in the study-hall will soon be occupied."

Inquisitive Davie: "Why prophesy that?"

Pitiable Nickie: "Because 'Coss' and Brien are nesting there."

THE MIKADO SERIES.

(A WONDER FROM MARS.)

Canto XI. 7-50.

One night, when the moonbeams had silvered our earth,
A creature most grewsome of visage took birth.
A halo surrounded the myriad stars,
Astronomers saw that the marvelous Mars
In a Mardi-gras costume a messenger sent
To the walls of St. Joseph's—on Bumpsey's old bend.
He asked for admittance, the program to see,
Then entered bewildered and waited till three.
The program its climax just then had attained,
To cap it completely the floor he obtained.
Two heads and two feet, plus three hands, seven wings—
That quaint composition now quitted the rings.
His costume the Rue de la Reine might sweep;
This voice from soprano to basso would leap,
As he told us most wonderful stories of Mars:
How the folks there play marble with the silvery stars,
The moon is their base ball, and comets, their bats,
The Great Bear their diamond, and clouds serve as mats.
The sun is their pigskin, which they keep on the fly
Across the unmeasured cerulean sky.—
He swore that the people on Mars are all fed
With limburger, sand, and some bread.
He squared the trapezium and rounded the square,
And roots were extracted while hung in midair!
Exponents, equations,—he showed evolution

And spherical angles, to swell the confusion.
 He summoned old Cicero: "O patres conscripti!"
 And called upon Homer for "bapti and pipti".
 "The Greek is the language of Mars," he'd claim
 (Which *we* think a lie or a downright shame!)
 When speaking of physics, he heaved a deep sigh,
 And Mars' elocution is that of Bill Nye.
 His history confounded old Uncle Sam's sons,
 While Caesar in Gaul used powder and guns.
 He then sang a song that reminds us of Paul
 When singing his "Bois cos Polskeke" brawl.
 Then whirling around like a gig to the sounds
 Of his classical sambuke, he skipped off the grounds.

M. H., '06.

Further observation needs a special adjustment of
 optics.

M. H.

Another theorem for Geometry.

The fourth Algebra class held their semi-weekly convocation April 24, and as a result a new appendix was added to the noble science of algebraic computation. W. S. T. Meiering was awarded the Farrylake medal for a recent and original discovery. Wilhelm participated in several very exciting games of "old maid" and had added fuel to the flame by learning another new (?) game, mug-gins. So great was the effect of this wondrous achievement on the "contents of his cranium" that his melancholy and calorific disputation on the relative merits of plus seven and plus six led to this sudden discovery. If I bid plus seven on the "joker," he philosophically figured, and if after the play my score amounts to plus six, then I have detected a case where plus seven and plus six equal minus seven—, or transposing plus six, it equals minus nothing; and if plus six equals minus nothing, then by multiplication six times minus nothing equals minus nothing! Ergo: Plus six and plus seven equals minus nothing.—Q. E. D.

E. L., '05.

Honorary Mention.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

95-100 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, I. Wagner, F. Didier, J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, R. Halpin, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwietermann, L. Monahan, E. Pryor, M. Shea, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, C. Fischer, F. Gribba, N. Keller, J. McCarthy, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linnemann, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, G. Meier, J. Seimetz, M. Schumacher, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, B. Condon, H. Fuertges, E. Hasser, L. Hildebrand, A. Michaely, E. Neumeier, N. Weinkauf, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, E. Spornhauer, A. Teehan, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, H. Dahlinghaus, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, J. Von der Haar, L. Bergman, H. Fries, P. Gase, J. Saccone, M. Bryan, J. F. Costello, P. Caesar, A. Saccone, L. Scohy.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Sullivan, D. Fitzgerald, E. Freiburger, P. Peiffer, J. Grimmer, P. Miller, E. Carlos, E. Mauntel, G. Ohleyer, L. Sulzer, B. Gallagher.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwietermann, L. Monahan, M. O'Connor, E. Pryor, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, I. Collins, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, J. Seimetz, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland, J. Grimmer, E. Hassler, A. Michaely, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, W. Coffeen, A. Teehan, T. Coyne, B. Hoerstman, W. Lieser, H. Dahlinghaus, W. Meiering, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, J. Von der Haar, J. Saccone, G. Ohleyer, J. F. Costello.

84-100 PER CENT.

E. Lonsway, A. Schaefer, J. Sullivan, J. Becker, C. Fischer, D. Fitzgerald, F. Gribba, J. O'Donnell, F. May, F. Kocks, A. Linnemann, M. Schumacher, H. Fuertges, E. Haab, L. Hildebrand, N. Weinkauf, J. Bultinck, E. Spornhauer, U. Reitz, B. Schmitz, L. Bergman, H. Fries, P. Gase, P. Miller, E. Mauntel, L. Sulzer.



Boys, make it a point to patronize the firms that advertise in this journal. They are all known in their line for reliability and fair dealing.

